

How Joan Took the Country

By BELLE MANIATES

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When Joan Williams, who had taken first prize in the school of photography, and her friend, Lucile King, stepped from the platform of the little station near the farm where they intended to spend the summer, they at first saw no one waiting for them.

Joan's quickly moving eyes covered the whole scene in appreciation. The colling and jostling of incoming and outgoing passengers, the frantic haste of belated travelers contrasting with the exasperating leisure of the ticket agent, the jogging pace of the man behind the baggage truck, the vociferous voiced driver of the bus, besieging passengers to ride to the Pullman House; the passive minded driver of the one shabby hack, formed a series of most realistic pictures which made Joan touch the button many times.

A peculiarly fashioned horse attached to a two seated democrat now drove up. Joan was somewhat in doubt at first as to the genuineness of the animal, which seemed to her to have a homestead aspect. The driver was gazing into space, with no manifest interest in the arrival of the train.

Again she touched the button, while Lucile, who had spent the summers of two years in this vicinity, went quickly up to the new comer.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Bates? This is my friend, Miss Williams." The girl occupied the back seat of the vehicle. Mr. Bates uttered a mild "Good-morning" and the horse made a forward movement, tearing away in clumsy gallop across the long bridge, at the end of which he settled down into a nippy little gallop.

"Old Hundred didn't omit his usual bridge sprint," observed Lucile.

"Old Hundred," he doesn't deserve such a nickname," observed Joan.

"You will think so, Mr. Bates? This is my friend, Miss Williams." The girl occupied the back seat of the vehicle. Mr. Bates uttered a mild "Good-morning" and the horse made a forward movement, tearing away in clumsy gallop across the long bridge, at the end of which he settled down into a nippy little gallop.

"He doesn't 'good-up' very fast," commented Joan.

"Do you earn your own living, too?" asked the old man, turning to her quickly.

"I hope so," she replied modestly. "I take pictures. I expect to take your whole country."

"I hope it brings you more than writing poetry," he said, with a glance at Lucile. "The Hedgerton Gazette only pays for it in subscriptions and trade."

Joan gave an ecstatic laugh.

"But Lucile writes for big magazines. She is paid by the word."

"You don't tell me! She must be awfully rich."

"But sometimes I sit for hours and can't think of a word," confessed Lucile.

"Words are plenty enough," he declared scornfully. "You can get them out of a dictionary."

"I never thought of that," she replied naively.

At nearly every farmhouse on route Mr. Bates "whooped" to deliver purchases. Now it was the farmer's wife who came out to the wagon and again it was a bashful boy or a giggling girl. In every instance Joan's camera was active.

The last commission was no delivery at home or in person. Mr. Bates stopped in front of a barn near the roadside and there deposited a suspicious looking package. Farther on they met a farmer who looked at them inquiringly.

"Put it in the barn, Fred," said Mr. Bates significantly.

"All right." Restowing a knowing wink upon his purchasing agent, Fred hastened forward.

"How are the Locke girls?" asked Lucile. "And do you all help them as much as you did?"

Mr. Bates then related a pathetic story of the misfortunes of the Locke "girls," who had lived together for seventy odd years in the little tumble down house with its square garden patch. The mortgage had been foreclosed. Bony's sight had failed her, and she was unable to do the "piecing" and quilting by which they had helped make out their living.

The poorhouse was looming up in their horizon, though the neighbors were preparing to give a harvest ball and bestow the proceeds therefrom to the averting of this calamity.

By the time this narrative was finished they had reached the farmhouse of the Bates household, and Mrs. Bates came out to greet the "city folks," who were shown to their "bedroom off the sitting room."

"The livestock seem to be making a grand entrance," said Joan, presently, peering the curtain. "Through the hole in the screen door some chickens are entering. On the stairs are a multitude of cats, and a stray sheep—I think it is a sheep—on the back steps. Mrs. Bates is sending the dog for the cows. Will he bring them into the house?"

Her thought was still of a menagerie when she awoke the next morning, conscious of a slight motion of the house, accompanied by a most peculiar sound. She awoke Lucile, who sat up to listen.

"It's an earthquake!" asserted Joan. "Unless the house is portable, I should not be surprised if we were all sent to the barn to do the chores."

"Mrs. Bates" called Lucile. "What ails the house?"

Mrs. Bates answered the summons. "The house isn't leaning up, you know, and the dogs go under it when they get out of their pens. They

scratch their backs on the floor, and it rocks the house a little, but it's safe."

"Lucile" said Joan gravely when their hostess had returned to the kitchen precincts. "I had thought of naming this delightful place Noah's Ark, but now I think the Hog's Back will be more appropriate."

At breakfast Mrs. Bates gave more particulars of the disasters that had attacked the Locke household and asked to enlist their help in the forthcoming ball. Joan appeared abstracted and offered no suggestions. Lucile proposed a fair in connection with the dance and began to ply her needle in the fashioning of sofa pillows.

The next few days were devoted by Joan to long solitary rambles, in which she always carried her camera. "I think I have took the whole country," she announced one day. "I am going to send the plates to the city for development, as I haven't the facilities here."

The day before that set for the fair and dance a huge express package was brought to Joan, but she refused to show the contents to any one.

On the momentous evening she went to the big barn where the dance was to be held an hour in advance of the time set. When the Bates household arrived they saw her seated demurely at a table surrounded by a group of eager, chattering folks. An artistically lettered sign read:

"Would you see yourself as others see you? Come and find yourself! If not here, faces made to order at future date."

Lucile and the Bates family hastened to the table, which was covered with photographs of all styles and sizes, snapshots of the country folks in and about Hedgerton caught in unpremeditated poses. Among the pictures were the team, Mrs. Lappe feeding chickens, Beanie Graves churning, Jed Strack-horn milking, the little Blatchfords going blackberrying, Lane's Carlo bringing home the cows, etc. No one was overlooked.

Also there were pictures of home, barns, cattle, the church, the cemetery, schoolhouse, sawmill and many old landmarks, all on sale, not to mention pictures of the Locke girls.

The news spread, and every newcomer hastened up to see if his likeness was there. Ardent swains secured pictures long denied them by coy damsels. At the close of the evening her hand bag was well filled with coin.

"This," she said, extending the money to Mrs. Bates, "is my contribution toward the Locke estate."

As she suspected, she was besieged for many days by people from miles around who, heard they had been "took," if by chance one had been overlooked, the omission was remedied.

"I think," remarked Joan meditatively as she looked a last farewell from the car window on her return to the city, "that the country and I are now on intimate terms, and with the sale of pictures and proceeds of the dance, not to mention contributions from the neighbors, I can see at least two years of prosperity for the Locke girls."

The Farmer's Individualism.

Farming is virtually the only great series of occupations that is unorganized, unsyndicated, unmonopolized, uncontrolled, except as it is dominated by natural laws of commerce and the arbitrary limitations imposed by organization in other business. In a time of extreme organization and subordination of the individual to the group, the farmer retains his traditional individualism and economic separatism. His entire scheme of life rests on intrinsic earning by means of his own efforts. The scheme in most other businesses is to make profits, and these profits are often extrinsic and fictitious, as, for example, in the habit of gambling in stocks, in which the speculator by mere shrewdness turns over his money to advantage, but earns nothing in the process, and contributes nothing to civilization in the effort. If the farmer steps outside his own realm he is met on one side by organized capital and on the other by organized labor. He is confronted by fixed earnings. What he himself secures is a remainder left at the end of a year's business—Century.

The Alps Will Be Washed Away.

The Alps, from a geological point of view, are very recent. The Welsh hills, though comparatively speaking, insignificant, are far more ancient. They had been mountains for ages and ages before the materials which now compose the Rigi or the Pilatus were deposited. Indeed, we may say that it is because they are so old that they have been so much worn down. The Alps themselves are crumbling and being washed away, and if no fresh elevation takes place the time will come when they will be no loftier than Snowdon or Holyhead. They have already undergone enormous denudation, and it has been shown that from the summit of Mont Blanc some 10,000 or 12,000 feet of strata have been already removed. Denudation began as soon as the land rose above the sea and the main river valleys were excavated—Pennyson's Weekly.

What It Cost.

In a little town in England not long ago the entire family had been at church and the young minister was coming home to dine with them. While at dinner they were discussing the new stained glass window a member had given. "It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money." "Do you have any idea how much?" "I don't know," replied the minister. "It was far into the hundreds, I should imagine." "No, it didn't," said little Harold. "I know how much it was. It cost 12s. 10d." "Why, Harold, how do you know anything about it?" "Because, mamma, it says at the bottom of the window, 'Job 14, 15.'"

New York Announcement.

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ESTATE OF FRANCES A. HARRIS.

June 4, 1905.
FURNITURE. Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

ESTATE OF ANNIE O. DOWD DECEASED.

June 6, 1905.
FURNITURE. Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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Some of the Good Things in the Sale.

Morris Chairs.

Morris Chair, frame, made of oak; golden finish, fancy shape arms, heavy claw feet, spring seat, regular price 10.50 July sale price 9.00

Morris Chair, frame mahogany finish, highly polished, flat arms, claw feet, fancy panel sides, spring seats, regular price 9.75 July sale price 8.25

Morris Chair, frame mahogany, highly polished, solid panel sides and arms, adjustable back, well made, regular price 23.00 July sale price 18.00

Cushions—a choice lot—covered with tapestry and figured and plain velours, nicely tufted, suitable for above frames, regular price 4.50 July sale price 4.00

75 other styles of Morris Chairs, and all reduced in price for the July sale.

Couches.

Box Couches covered with denim cloth; patent spring openers; a convenient receptacle for shirt waists or light clothing; 30 inches wide by 6 feet long, usual price 12.00 July sale price 10.75

Same style couch with deeply tufted top; usually 13.50, at 12.50

Couches with steel frame, drop sides, woven wire fabric, national top, mattress made full and soft, covered with fancy green denim; regularly 8.50. In this sale at 7.75

Box Couches with nicely tufted top; filled with all hair, plaited sides or edges, patent spring openers, a big seller with us at regular price 27.25, to go in this sale at 24.00

More than 40 other styles of couches, including leather, velvet and plush covered ones, all reduced this month.

Parlor Tables.

Table, made of oak, top 24x24, shelf underneath, French legs, nicely finished, regular price 6.00. In the July sale at 4.50

Table, made of nicely figured oak, fancy shape top 18x18, shelf underneath, French shape legs, regular price 5.00. In the July sale at 4.00

Table, oak, golden finish, fancy shape top, small shelf underneath, bent design of leg, regular price 10.00 In the July sale at 7.00

Table, fancy shape top with pedestal base, quartered oak, golden finish, regular price 8.00. In the July sale at 6.00

Table, golden oak, suitable for library, has drawer and flat style of leg, regular price 17.00. In the July sale at 12.00

Table, made of oak, golden finish, has a shelf below, one drawer, regular price 14.50. July sale at 10.50

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ESTATE OF ELIZABETH FRICK KELLEY, deceased.

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ESTATE OF JANE LAW, DECEASED.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

ESTATE OF MARY A. ROBINSON, DECEASED.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of Emma F. Sigler, deceased, will be audited and settled by the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the sixteenth day of May next. Dated April 4, 1905. GILBERT G. COOPER.

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When the "Puff"

By DONALD

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There was just one Widow Bidwell, a real old fashioned one of the Weekly Citizen. She owned and edited the paper. She had been too busy working off his editing writing thrilling local wanted on subscribers. She collected with of twenty years ago. seemed spontaneous marked bow and the editorials, but when writing out an article aim the gain.

"Auction! Auction! the average bill of the 14th of September. farmer, will sell the live stock and property on his farm. road. Said to be a cow, sheep and the hens, and all was a m., and all was a bidder."

There was no doubt of the success of the editor. When he aimed to marry there was no doubt success as a Benedict. He was obliged to turn to his husband's death. rank with the poet. wings, but she was and she had dressed this kept her green. interfered considerably on orders on time that one about office.

The poetry loving fifty different published in the (the) plume of Flossie. received the copy. the public had about each time.

The "poems" had save carrying dead. Bidwell was rather the editor dropped. ing and proceeded. ed her for the mis. but she soon rallied. there was an inco. between them. He.

post. She knew the way of an art. man who wed. Flossie. She would as hereafter, but have long hair, as dreamy eyes.

The editor said couldn't fill the bill. short, had a fat. were on the long. subscribers instead. for away. He then. hat and walked. ing and proceeded. ed her for the mis. but she soon rallied. there was an inco. between them. He.

year-old heart at. she had sputtered. to commit suicide. and after figuring. plant was worth. ed to hang on to. stallment of his re. his next issue, when.

"We take pleasure. readers that a bro. Bidwell, who wrote under the name of. died and left her. at \$100,000. She had. gratulations."

Of course the p. and of course the. wasn't a word of. people came and. congratulations she. self to deny the. thankful to the C. the canon. The. the week pursued.

"We understand. fortune left to the. her deceased brother. go \$50,000 before. She has reports. removes to New Y. she comes into p. residence on Fifth. this week is the. per."

There were mo. and the widow s. told. It was so. the back and so. couldn't bring her. ports.

Between the son. of the Clarion the. His ostensible. Romanias onto. "bush" and anti. prison as a swing. hair and face and. the fat and hea. suit that. The call. a small ad, and. Bidwell. He bur. the Clarion about. wanted a few p. Editor Flint pre. had jumped on. Aye, he spoke in. and even told Mr. he could get an. Then the third is.

"We had a plea. day from Mr. H. can just make a. Pennsylvania off. may remain in. lars. Indeed, D.